For who ~~should~~ may through Gentiles courts
The Captive shall go free
Who done deliverance to the slave
To preach in Galilee

* * * *

Long ages loss whose rolling years
Are marked by direst crimes
But still the Saviours words console
Amid Evil tongues & times

And as they rolled the Gospel spread
To Empires farthest bounds
The lonely islands of the sea
Have heard the joyful sound

But in all lands ~~wide~~ ~~swelling~~ hate
The Heralds of the cross
The joyful tidings must proclaim
With suffering shame & loss

Fulfilled the Saviours warning words
Through latest years shall be
"The world shall hate shall wants hate
Even as it hated me

Now turn we from Judea's plains
Our Persecution's cage
Whose martyr seal sheds light
on History's bloody page
Turn we to Freedom's chosen home
Beyond the rolling seas
Where Boldly truth may come
Upon the mountain breeze

Here dwelleth our pilgrim fathers
full many a stately fane
Ah! Happy here in holy hearts
The truths of God reign

Also we rest on Gallilee
Upon the Sabbath eve
The throng may come forth
The sky pourets vain prayer
and now Christ's faithful servants
must walk with Danger grim
Who trooks arm on priestly train
Compan worship with him
They coldly hear the captives moan
They bind anew his chain
The widow & the fatherless
Utter their voice in vain

In vain beyond the ancient hills
where western prairies spread
The Herald of Deliverance falls
The Martyr's blood is shed,

But fear not faithful band & true
Your fathers hard endures
His throne in Righteousness shall stand
His Kingdom shall be yours

If the world hate you ye know
that it hated me before it hated you

In vain in proud Judea now
We seek her temple door
Where stood the ancient Synagogue
Its place is found no more
The Splendours of her worship
The Nobles' pageants gay
Chief priest & Scribe & Pharisee
Alike have passed away
Yet are enduring records saved
upon the breathing page
where faithful witnesses record
The tenours of that age
When one who shake with godlike power
The hills of Israel trod
And joyfully the faithful hailed
The promised son of God

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Now let the spirit backward turn
The world around grows dim
We hear from yonder stately fane
The full & swelling hymn
& see the Eastern sun pour down
Its ~~[illegible]~~ bright & fairest ray
Where knots of kneeling worshipers
Hallow the Sabbath day

worshipers

~~who rises most the crowd~~ throng
who rises most the crowds thus throng
The slave - a dying bed
To read the pure & searching word
of ancient prophecy
who feels not as those accents fall
Startling the heavy ear
Soothing the heart with grief oppress
The promised Saviour near
"the Spirit of the Lord is mine
his words upon me rest
To preach his Gospel to the poor
and heal the wounded breast
To bring to them who wear the chain
& feel the oppressors rod
Good tidings to suffering ones on earth
Deliverance comes from God

A moment paused the living mass
Stunned by those words of might -
~~The strong hearts~~ But all in vain fell the appeal
for steal fast truth & right
then rose the clamour fierce & loud
the roar of rage & scorn
the pride man's scoff the sinner's curse
of pride & malice born
And some who half as Jesus spoke
their hearts confess his sway
& knew the heavenly message true
as Tyrion turned away

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